The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Pussy and the Swallows.

Pussy in the doorway,
Sleeping in the sun;
Swallows underneath the eaves —
"Keeping house" begun.

Swallows fly at pussy,
Pecking at her head:
Pussy wakes to catch at them —
Catches air, instead.

All the morn they tease her.
"Do you like their play
Better than the mouse likes yours?
Mistress Pussy, say!" *H. H. B.*

A Summer Hymn.

Who makes the soft wind blow?
Who makes the bright sunshine,
The flowers and grass that grow
Around this path of mine?
Who makes the shady trees arise,
And spreads their boughs beneath the skies?

Who makes the brook so bright
From Earth's cold bosom spring,
And sparkle in the light,
And sweetly, sweetly sing,
As if an angel lent his voice
To help the rippling streams rejoice?

Who gave the airy bird
Soft feathers and swift wings,
And taught it music-tones
To charm us when it sings?
Say, little bird! who taught you how
To sing so sweetly on the bough?

Oh! 'tis our Maker, God,
Who gives us everything, —
The grass, the flowery sod,
The brooks and birds that sing
And all the blessings of this day
He sheds upon our happy way.

The Child's Companion.

For the Myrtle.

The Lost Child.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

I.

"WHICH dress shall I put on Hattie?" said Mrs. Delano's maid-servant, as she held two pretty, delicate fabrics in her hand, and displayed them deftly for the admiration of the mother and aunt, who were about to take the little girl with them on their morning walk.

"I leave the decision to you, Aunt Martha," said the mother. "It makes very little difference to me what dress my darling wears. She is always beautiful to me in whatever she may wear."

"Yes. That may be true, and yet you must confess that dress makes a difference in Hattie's looks, as it does with us all."

"I know it does make some difference with her looks. Some colors are more becoming to her than others, and yet she looks pretty to me in them all."

"I like to see her dressed in pink better than any other color, and if you have no choice what she shall wear this morning, I will decide for this pink silk."

"Very well," said Mrs. Delano. "You may dress her in the pink silk, and put on the ribbons to match it."

"Shall she wear her gold chain and locket, and the clasps her uncle gave her?"

"Yes, put them all on, and bring her to the

parlor when you have finished dressing her. We will wait for her there."

Mrs. Delano and Aunt Martha went down to the parlor chatting by the way.

"I feel so thankful," said Mrs. Delano, "that we have sufficient means to dress our child as I like to have her dressed."

"Yes. I am glad for your sake. It is a shame to see what little muffs some people make of their children."

"I know it. It always makes me vexed to see them looking so. For my part, I think children should be adorned as beautifully as the birds and the butterflies."

"But there may be danger of over-doing in the adornments of children," said Mr. Delano who was drawing on his driving gloves in the hall, and heard the conversation of the ladies as they descended the stairs.

"I don't see any danger in this direction. Look at a butterfly's wing. What a variety of color you find there. And think of the beauty and richness of the humming bird's color. Doesn't God set us an example in these beautiful things that he has made?"

"They are all very beautiful, but their beauty doesn't make them vain," said Mr. Delano. "I should not object so much to the way you dress Hattie, if you were not sacrificing the inner adornings of the child to the outer. I am afraid she will grow up a vain, frivolous girl, and be no comfort to us, or a blessing to society.

"You are always foreboding evil," Mrs. Delano replied, a little pettishly. "For my part I think Hattie is as well behaved as other little girls of her age. Most fathers would be proud of such a little girl instead of continually finding fault with her."

"Wait a moment, brother, before you go out," said Aunt Martha. "We will convert you to our way of thinking when the child is brought down."

"I have no doubt that she will look very pretty. I was not disputing that point. She is a pretty child, and bright colors are becoming to her. But I often look at her beauty with trembling."

"You had better enjoy what you have, and not spoil the pleasure which God intended you should enjoy, by fears for the future."

"It may be that I shall enjoy what He has given me the more, if I try to keep it sweet, and fair, and simple, as He intended that it should be, and do not deface it by vanity and artificial surroundings."

"Oh! here comes my beauty," said Mrs. Delano, who caught a glimpse of her little daughter as she came bounding down the stairs. "You surely cannot find fault with her now, papa," she said in triumph, as she looked on the tiny figure which flitted into the parlor.

The dressing-maid had used unusual skill in her work this morning, and Hattie's appearance won upon her father in spite of his determination to disapprove. Mrs. Delano saw this and took advantage of her triumph,

"You can't deny that she is pretty with your eyes, whatever your lips may say about it," she said.

Mr. Delano felt no inclination to deny it, but he was not willing to add his approval to the already over-praised child, so without a word, he quietly took his hat, and left the house.

Mrs. Delano said in a vexed tone to Aunt Martha, "That's just like the men. They wont praise anything, not if they are ever so much pleased."

"Never mind," said Aunt Martha soothingly. "We can go for our walk, and take our comfort with the little beauty in our own way. Her papa will come round to our way of thinking by-and-by."

The ladies put on their bonnets, and Mrs. Delano, taking Hattie by the hand, said,

"Come, darling. We will go now for our walk, and see whether we can find any other little girls as pretty, and as prettily dressed as you are."

Hattie ran along at first, between her mother and aunty, holding a hand of each, and striving to keep up with them, by the little running pace which obliged her to take two steps to their one.

At length she tired of this, and seeing a doll in the window of one of the shops which attracted her attenion, she loosed her hands, and ran to look at the doll.

It was a beautiful wax doll, with fine long curls, and a pink silk dress, with shoes and stockings on its feet, and beads on its neck.

"There, see, see mamma. Dolly is dressed just like I."

"You should say, dolly is dressed like *me*, not I."

"Why, it is *I*, mamma."

Aunt Martha and Mrs. Delano both laughed

at the earnest manner of the child, and the persistent way in which she clung to the personal pronoun.

"It is a pretty doll," said Aunt Martha, "a very pretty doll, and very prettily dressed."

"Just like I," said Hattie again.

"Now we must run on," said Mrs. Delano.

"Not yet," said Hattie. "I haven't seen her eyes enough, nor her pretty nose, and her pretty mouth, and her pretty chin, and pretty hair, and pretty hands, and pretty feet, and pretty pink dress and ribbons. They are all just 'zactly like I."

"Well, come on, come on, you little beauty. You are a great deal prettier than the doll, and I will show you your own self in the glass when we get home. That will be better than standing here looking at that dumb thing."

"She aint a dumb thing," said Hattie, understanding her mother to mean by dumb a term of reproach.

"Why yes, she is dumb, my darling."

"What do you mean by dumb, mamma?"

"I mean that dolly cannot speak as you and I can."

"How do you know that she cannot. You didn't speak to her."

At this Aunt Martha and mamma laughed again.

"How do you know?" Hattie repeated.

"I know by having tried a great many dolls before. Dolls are not alive as little girls are, and they never open their lips to speak as little girls do."

"I think I saw this dolly open her lips," said Hattie.

"Oh no, I think not."

"How can she eat, then?"

"She doesn't eat."

"Why don't she die dead, then?"

"She is already dead," said Mrs. Delano, laughing.

"No," said Hattie, "not dead, for she has on a pink dress."

The ladies laughed again, and the mother said:

"I will tell you about it some time. But we must go on now, else we shall be late home to dinner."

Hattie ran on by herself, sometimes in advance of her mother and aunty, and sometimes behind them.

"She is like a butterfly flitting hither and thither," said Mrs. Delano.

The ladies paused a moment at a shop window to look at some beautiful dresses, and when they turned back, the child was gone.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

Found Out.

On the top of a hill was an orchard, and on one side of the trees was a boy stealing apples; another boy was at the bottom of the tree, on the watch to see that nobody found them out.

Nobody was near that they could see; but that did not prove that nobody saw them; for seven miles off Professor Mitchell, the astronomer, was examining the setting sun with his great telescope, and the hill happening to come within its range, the actions of the boys, the very tell-tale on their faces, attracted his notice. He saw what they were up to. He found them out. There was no escaping the great eye of the telescope, looking full upon them. They little thought of such a thing, But there was another eye upon them, a greater eye and a sharper eye, and that eye followed them. It was God's eye; and his eye is on us. It sees us near or afar off. It sees us too by name. Professor Mitchell did not know the boys. God knows.

Two Somebodies.

I know somebody who always appears to be miserable; and this is the way she contrives to be so, — thinking always about herself; constantly wishing for that she has not got; idling her time; fretting and grumbling.

I know somebody who is much happier; and this is the way she contrives to be so, — thinking of others; satisfied with what her heavenly Father has judged best for her; working; caring for somebody else besides herself; and thinking how she can make others happy.

My little "somebody," which kind of a "somebody" are you?

HAVE the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it. Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

For the Myrtle.

Over the Fence.

'ER the fence-top little Moll
Calls to smaller Mabel,
"Here's good morn to you and doll —
Take it if you're able."

Baby Mabel tiptoe stands
Reaches up to meet her,
Scarce can touch with chubby hands
Fingers stretched to greet her.

"What a fence for you, my chit,—
Break your arms," says Molly,
"We must make them lower it
Down to you and dolly."

Mabel shook her curls away,
"No, they mustn't do it.
I am bigger every day,
I must grow up to it."

Bravo, Mabel; grow and try, —
You will learn in season
Many a fence of life is high
For the self-same reason.

If with flowers you're all content
Do not try the paling.
Garden walls wore never meant
For dolls' and babies' scaling.

If you want a broader view
Of the world without you,
Fences will not lower to you,
Built so high about you:

Walls within your baby reach
Do not stoop to covet.
Rather wait to conquer each
By growing up above it!

H. A. B.

The Little Sea-Maiden.

THE air was soft and balmy as it came gently in from the blue ocean; and little Dot, whose busy feet were never still long at a time, and whose love for the sea amounted to a passion, looked up from the long seam she had been sewing, with the pleading expression in her eyes, which was always irresistible to her mother.

"Can't I go?" it said just as plainly as words; though Dot, who loved her mother and her duty far better than her beloved ocean, did not speak them.

"Yes, go, dear! You must be tired by this time. Take a run down to the old rock; only come back in time for dinner; that's all."

"I'll lay the table first, and then I can go and feel easy, dear little mamma; you always know, don't you?"

And she kissed the dear mother's face, giving her a fond hug after a way of her own. Then she quietly drew out the little round table, just big enough for them, and began putting on the dishes.

Her father was far away from his loved ones, the second mate of a large vessel bound for India, but his heart was left behind in the little cottage by the sea, where lived the two who were all the world to him. Often and often he prayed to the Father in heaven, who is the Lord of both land and sea, and who holdeth them both in the hollow of his hand, that he would take care of them all, and grant that they might meet again in safety. He was a good man; and every one on board, from the captain to the humblest sailor, had learned to love and respect him.

Dot's duty done, she wandered along the little path, and, barefooted and basket-laden as she was, soon reached her favorite resting-place, — a large rock which jutted out into the water, and against which the little waves danced and broke all the long day.

Here she spent many an hour, often with her mother for company, but more frequently alone. She needed no playfellows; for the ocean had been her friend ever since she was born.

How free and blithe she felt, as the soft air blew in and out among her fair curls, and gently fanned her little bare feet! She held her little basket of shells by her side, and sat there long, looking so far away over the water, watching

the scattered sails, which shone so pretty and white in the bright sunlight.

"I wish I were a sea-bird!" she said half aloud to herself. "Would't I like to fly! 'twould be so easy and resting! and I'd light on that sloop, and see who was in it. I wish papa was only home! It seems so long! But I don't dare to say it to mamma, because she'd cry; but I can speak it all out to you, dear, lovely old ocean, and you'll never, never, never tell!"

The child, in her little white dress, standing out against the blue sky, made a very pretty picture, and caught the eye of a wandering artist, who was sketching on the rocks a little way off, unseen by Dot.

"What a lovely picture! I must sketch her just as she sits there," he said to himself, "and call her 'the little sea-maiden.'"

So, while Dot sat all unconscious in her unstudied grace, the artist quickly drew the outlines of his picture, which he afterwards painted, and put on exhibition in one of our large cities, and which won the admiration of all who saw it.

I wonder if he cared to guess anything about her life?

But it was now high noon, and from far away sounded the tinkle of a little bell; and Dot, who

had been lying down in the arms of two projecting rocks, which she called her arm-chair, and dreaming many a pleasant dream, started up regretfully, and sped away toward home.

Her mother stood in the doorway of the little cottage with a smile of welcome upon her face, and a travel-worn letter open in her hand.

"Oh, a letter from papa!" cried Dot, jumping and clapping her hands. "Why, mamma, the very thing I prayed about! God is always so good!" — *Well-Spring.*

A Picture from Memory.

Twenty years ago? Yes, it must be. It was recess, — joyous, happy, fun-loving, mischief-making recess.

Young girls were chatting in the halls, telling secrets in corners and playing games in the large lecture-room. For this was near the center of a large city, where it takes all the room for buildings; and green grass and flowers are crowded into little squares and rounds and diamonds, on which no foot must tread.

I had been playing ball with the girls, when the sound of the pump reminded me that I was very thirsty; — dear, old, black pump, with the britannia cup attached! Not stronger was the chain that held you together than is that by which memory links with you some of life's fondest associations.

Just before I reached it a fair young Quakeress, generous, loving Sophie, filled the cup, and, as gracefully as if she were doing some favor to a queen, placed it in my hands, with the words, "In honor preferring one another."

It was a new experience. I had had varied experiences at that old pump. I had seen a fastidious young miss stand and sip and sip, until the patience of those waiting behind her was exhausted. I had been rudely pushed aside by larger girls, who seemed to consider that might makes right. I had stepped quietly aside, that I might not be in the way of important feelng Theodosia, whose father was rich, and who wore silks and jewels to school.

But this was something new, — so unexpected and yet so sweet and pretty, that those words, "In honor preferring one another," have never meant the same to me that they did before. The act of that young girl filled them fuller of meaning than did the water the cup which she so gracefully passed to me.

If every young friend who reads this would make this a rule of action, what an upsetting it would cause of the present custom of scrambling each for himself, each getting on alone if he can, and if not, pulling down somebody who is in his way, that, by stepping on him, he can get higher himself!

More thought and care for the interests, comfort and happiness of others will not only flood their lives with sunshine, but the soul that cherishes these feelings and embodies them in daily life, will dwell in the light of God. — *Little Star.*

Daisy.

Rollicking, frolicking all the long day,
My little Daisy keeps on with her play, —
Now on the table, and now on the chair,
Lithe as a tiger aroused from his lair;
Now from the cricket on to the mat;
First into this thing, and then into that;
Rollicking, frolicking all the long day,
My little Daisy keeps on with her play.

Daisy is little, but loving and sweet;
Her coat is like satin; like velvet, her feet;
Her mouth's like a pink; each tooth is a pearl;
And each whisker has a most beautiful curl;
For Daisy, in fact is a well-disposed cat,
Though merry and frisky, despite of all that,
As rollicking, frolicking, all the long day,
My little Daisy keeps on with her play.

I love my Daisy, and Daisy loves me;
For all of my failings Daisy can't see.
If I take delight in joyful surprise,
A look of grave wonder shines in her eyes;
If ever I'm troubled o'er life's bitter smart,
She minds very little about my sad heart,
But frolics and rolls all through the long day,
Thinking of nothing at all but her play.

Our Dumb Animals.

"What Father Takes."

There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who, for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. Quicker than lightning various thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who were acquainted with him, he said:

"Waiter, I'll take water."

Our Sunday Schools.

These vacation weeks enable us to gather up accounts of summer pleasures which many of our Sunday Schools have enjoyed.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Five Sunday Schools of Boston and vicinity joined in a picnic at Silver Lake Grove, Plympton, on the first week in July. The excursion previously planned by the Columbus Avenue and Shawmut Schools had been interfered with by rain, and these schools joined with that of the Roxbury church on the day when they had possession of the grove. The schools at Jamaica Plain and at Roxbury Point were added; but in spite of all these additions the Roxbury parish made up a large part of the excursion. The day was perfect, the various entertainments successful in the extreme, and no accident occurred in all the twenty-five car-loads of old and young who went out from the city. Addresses from several clergymen formed the intellectual part of the enjoyment, and original hymns at the opening and close of this part of the programme, were sung with great spirit by the multitude.

—The Newton Sunday School had its excursion at Miller's Grove in Waltham, on the banks of the Charles river. The intense heat of the day made the shade of the woods inviting, and pleasure-boats for the river were in requisition all day. The gathering of water-lilies in profusion was one of the delights. At 5 P. M. the company were called together, sang familiar hymns, and joined with the pastor in prayer for the blessings of the day.

—Eleven members were added to the church in Medford, July 5, and four others, unexpectedly absent, will be soon received. *All* have been members of the Sunday School, and thirteen are now so connected, nine as pupils, four as teachers. The church was again finely decorated with flowers. A few days previous, the librarian of the school, Mr. Hosea B. Morse, a late graduate of Harvard, being about to leave for China, in the employ of the Government, was made the recipient of a beautiful and costly ring from the teachers and a few other friends in the school. Such token of esteem will help to keep his church home fresh in his affection in that distant land.

—The Sunday School in Beverly has gained fifty-one members during the past year, and now numbers 281.

MAINE.

—The Hiram and Bromfield Sunday Schools lately united in a picnic at "The Falls," a beautiful resort two miles below Hiram bridge on the Saco river. Swinging, singing, picnicing, and the other usual diversions filled the delightful day. The falls presented a grand spectacle, the water being high and foaming over the gradual descent of a hundred feet.

—The Pittsfield Sunday School had recently its distribution of prizes for the best attendance and for those who had brought most new scholars to the school during the year. About ten dollars worth of pictures were distributed, all neatly framed, and among the best were two elegant chromos from the office of the *Star in the West*, entitled "The Chicken's Sermon" and "Just Out," worth at least $5. These were presented by the pastor, Rev. E. Case, as reward for bringing in the most scholars. The school is quite large, and growing under the admirable superintendence of that model Superintendent, Mr. Silas Pike, assisted by the pastor. The Bible Class is large and interesting, under the charge of Bro. Case.

—At Mechanics Falls, Children's Sunday was observed July 12. This late date did not save them from a pouring rain, but in spite of it the church was crowded, and the floral decorations of the finest. Nine children were baptized and eleven adults received to the church by the same rite.

CONNECTICUT.

—The Hartford society and school had their annual excursion, July 8, at a beautiful grove in Saybrook. The party filled thirteen cars, and were conveyed along the bank of the Connecticut river, upon the Valley Railroad by special train. This is one of the pleasantest railroad routes in New England, and with a pleasant grove, fine sea breeze, and the splendid Fenwick Hall, it is a most desirable place for such excursions. The occasion was one of much pleasure to all the large party. The young ladies of the parish recently had a fair and festival for three evenings, making a considerable sum of money for the use of the school.

—A Sunday School has been lately organized at New Britain, and one of its first festivals was an excursion and "clam-bake" in a beautiful grove near the city on July 4th. Though a first effort it was a great success.

—The West Meriden School, together with most of Rev. J. H. Chapin's parish, made their annual excursion and picnic this year to Savin Rock, West Haven. The day was beautiful and the company large, sociable and cheerful, and the amusements abundant. Savin Rock is quite noted as a watering-place, and the grove is but a few rods from the beach and from the hotels and cottages looking out on the Sound. The grove itself is large and finely fitted for all the pleasures of such an excursion. With all these facilities the good time was a matter of course.

PENNSYLVANIA.

—A friend from Philadelphia sends a pleasant account of the *substitute* for their annual picnic, as follows: "A Strawberry Festival and Social Entertainment was held in a large hall, on the evening of June 16th, by our friends of the Church of the Messiah, Philadelphia. It was mainly planned for the pleasure of the Sunday School, being substituted for the annual excursion. Members of the school were therefore all admitted free, and liberally treated to strawberries and ice-cream. But looking upon the smiling faces of the multitude of all ages assembled, one was not long in concluding that the pleasure of the children was contagious. In addition to the dainties so abundantly provided, Mrs. Jarley was present with her celebrated wax-work. She presided admirably, and so perfect was the performance that some really doubted the genuineness of the figures, exclaiming, 'I don't believe they are wax, after all.' Music and social conversation were interspersed, and at the close an 'Acting Charade' was given by three young gentlemen and two young ladies, members of the school, which was well performed. Altogether the evening was greatly enjoyed, besides putting a handsome sum into the treasury of the Sunday School."

INDIANA.

—A member of the Sunday School at Huntertown sends us a description of their seventh annual festival, held the last of June. These home festivals have the advantage of the excursions that with equal enjoyment they put the money on the income instead of the expense side. Our friend writes: "The house was beautifully decorated. Among the numerous objects of beauty were two large crosses of evergreens at each end of the church. Other floral and national decorations of different designs were

prepared and so arranged as to produce the most beautiful effect. The church seemed for the time to be converted into a paradise. Members of other denominations were present, and all seemed to enjoy the occasion. Thus are the old denominational distinctions passing away. Vocal and instrumental music were a part of the entertainment, and bountifully spread tables added to the satisfaction and social joy of the occasion. On the whole the evening's entertainment was fully a success. Proceeds of the evening $97.02 which in its present prosperous condition will meet all the expenditures of the Sabbath School."

The Maniac Healed.

MARK v. 1–20.

It was doubtless morning when, after the stilling of the tempest Jesus with his disciples landed on the other side of the sea of Galilee. He was seeking solitude, and he naturally went away from the dwellings of men, among the hills. In these solitary places caves had been built for the burial of the dead, and from among these tombs came forth to meet Jesus a wild and fierce maniac.

It was a strange place, we may think, for such a poor afflicted person to be living. But the sick and crazed were not cared for in those days as they are now. There were no hospitals and asylums then; all those things belong to Christianity, as they are patterned after the spirit of Christ our Master. If we would understand how this spirit of pity and compassion has grown in the world from Christ's example, let us see how he dealt with this poor maniac.

In those days it was believed that people who were insane were tormented with evil spirits that had entered into them and taken possession of their minds. So they were thrust out from their home like accursed beings, as the lepers were, and only fed outside the cities, and left to find such homes as they could in dens and caves. If very wild, they were chained, as this man had been, to keep them from harming others; but nothing was done to try and cure them. Of course with this belief among sane people, the insane believed themselves to be possessed with evil spirits, and were the more wild and raving on this account.

This maniac must have been a fearful creature to meet. For he was so strong that he had broken all his chains, and so wild that he cut his own body with stones. Any ordinary person would have turned and fled from him in fear. But Jesus was moved not with fear but with tender pity. And he was as wise as he was merciful. Humoring his fancy, as one must always that of a crazed person, Jesus spoke as if to the spirit with which he was possessed, and commanded it to come out of him.

Then the maniac told him that it was not one but many unclean spirits that tormented him. "My name is Legion," he said, "for we are many." A legion was a whole company of soldiers, and this strange fancy shows how wild was the man's mind.

Jesus still dealt with him as would the wise physician. The maniac besought him that all these unclean spirits might be sent into a herd of swine feeding at a distance. This gave him not only an opportunity to heal the insane man but also to punish the keepers of the swine, who were keeping them contrary to the law of Moses. So Jesus persuaded him that the unclean spirits should leave him and enter the swine; and as if to prove it, caused the whole herd to run violently down into the sea where they were drowned. When the maniac saw this done it was not hard to convince him that the evil spirits had all left him, and so to fix his faith in Jesus that his cure was complete.

When the keepers of the swine told this singular news abroad, the people were afraid of this man with such strange power, and begged him to depart out of their country. It is not said that the owners of the swine complained of the loss of their property. They knew it was just; but they were afraid of one who could thus judge their sins. In their selfish fear for themselves they seemed to care nothing for the good fortune of the poor maniac. But the thought and care of Jesus were all for the sufferer he had cured. He would not let him come into the ship and stay with him as the maniac in his love and gratitude pleaded to do, but sent him home to carry the good news to his friends; bidding him tell them all what great things the Lord had done for him. Here, as always, Jesus refused to take the glory of his work to himself but gave it all to God, who gave him the power.

This strange doctrine of the Pharisees that the insane were possessed of evil spirits, has in it a lesson for us all. There is a sense in which all who do not act up to their best judgment and reason and sense of right, are possessed with an evil spirit. Whether it is the mind or the heart that is wrong, the spirit within them is evil. But it is their own spirit, not anything from without. And only the power of God is strong enough to cast out the evil, and leave the spirit clean again, "clothed and in its right mind."

Answer.

AUGUST 8. "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

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